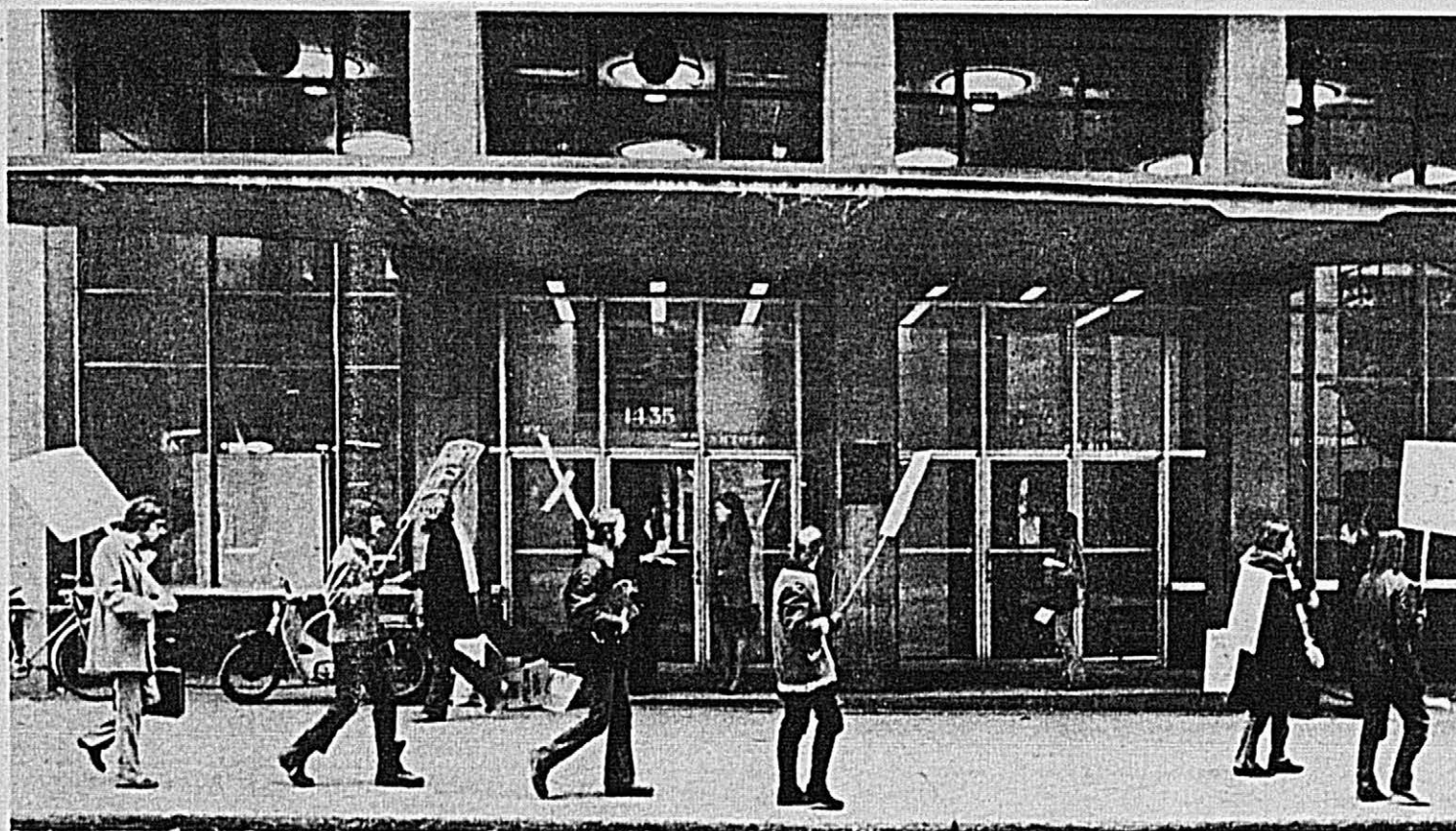


MCGILL DAILY

DEPOT LEGAL BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONALE

POSTAGE PAID IN CASH AT 3RD CLASS POSTAGE RATE PERMIT NO. 11024
RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED AT 3480 McTAVISH, MONTREAL.



daily photo by jean-michel joffe

STRIKING SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS UNIVERSITY WORKERS yesterday picketed the buildings on the second day of their strike. The History Department has cancelled all classes at Sir George to demonstrate solidarity with the workers.

SGWU faculty supports strike

by jamal shamsie

Both the Sir George Williams University administration and the union of striking library employees are seeking support as the non-professional library workers strike enters its third day today.

Union negotiator Bernd Scheitterlien feels that the students were not aware of the procedures regarding picket lines.

Another picketer said, "Students express their sympathies with us, and pass into the building. They do not realise that picket lines are never to be crossed."

Scheitterlien explained, "Students believe that they are not jeopardising our cause if they are not entering the university to use the library".

He agreed that it was necessary to approach the students directly, and rally their support since distribution of union literature has so far been ineffective.

He also criticized some of the students for refusing to involve themselves. "Some students feel that they can only concern themselves presently with their degrees. They do not realise that someday, after graduation, they will be finding themselves in the same situation".

The strike involves four basic demands, according to Scheitterlien. These include union

recognition and insurance of its existence, acceptance of a management rights clause, promotions based on seniority as well as competence, and better wages, particularly at the lower end of the wage scales.

"Once these are agreed upon in principle by the administration", Scheitterlien said, "the other remaining issues are simply details which can be worked out".

A union member denied that there had been any attempts on the part of the picketers to bar students from classes. "We approach students before they enter the university buildings, and explain to them why they should be supporting us".

Although there may be backing from other universities and other CNTU member unions, the Union of library workers is basically seeking support from SGWU faculty members and students.

There has been some positive response from the faculty members at the university. The SGWU history department yesterday released a communiqué announcing the cancellation of all classes until Monday.

According to the statement: "These resolutions were adopted because it was evident to the department that the attitude of the administration was anti-

union and that no solution to the conflict could be arrived at until the administration recognizes the right of its employees to organize and bargain collectively.

"This anti-union bias of the administration is exemplified by the refusal to accept maintenance of membership clauses in the contract".

According to union members, cancellation of history classes may be extended.

Individual professors from the departments of humanities of science, psychology, sociology and political science have also cancelled classes.

A three-member informal committee of professors is presently working on recommendations for action to be taken by the Sir George Williams University Association of Teachers (SGWUAT).

SGWUAT member J.D. Taylor of the psychology department, yesterday declined to comment on the progress being made, but emphasized that the findings of the committee would be based on "informal studies" because "any form of brief would be impossible in such a short period of time, particularly in the face of rapidly developing events."

The committee first met last Friday, and hopes to have its recommendations ready for

presentation to the Association of Teachers sometime today.

It is expected that the Teachers' Association will be able to announce its position on the present strike next Monday.

The Student Association's Trustees at SGWU have left the decision regarding active support to the respective faculty associations.

The Arts Students' Association is arranging a teach-in on the strike Tuesday afternoon with speakers from the union and the administration as speakers.

The Association president, Jonathan Fisher, feels that the decision should be left to the students. He expects to take a general vote following the Tuesday meeting.

Most opposition to the strike comes from Engineering Undergraduate Association president Arno Schmidt and Science Students' Association president Nick Shamy. Both criticized the timing of the strike, with the examinations only weeks away, especially since "the Union had the power to strike a long time ago."

Schmidt accused the library workers of "harassing" techniques aimed at the disruption of library services at the university, which have seriously affected the student community.

Continued on page 3

by gene allen

Gillett urges abortion reform

Canada's present abortion laws are perpetuating a severe public health problem by forcing women to deal with illegal abortionists. Dr. Peter Gillett of the Montreal General Hospital told an audience of 50 last night.

The meeting took place in Molson Hall and was sponsored by the McGill Committee for Abortion Law Repeal (MCALR).

"As long as there are any restrictions on abortion, there will always be a market for illegal abortionists," Gillett said. "As long as you have illegal abortionists, then you have a public health problem."

The extent of this problem is such that illegal abortions are the chief cause of maternal death in the United States today. The Canadian death rate for illegal abortions is estimated at 100 per 100,000 women. Figures from Hungary and Czechoslovakia, where abortion is available on demand, place the death rate between 1.2 and 2.5 per 100,000.

Gillett also pointed out that the present "liberal" laws are discriminatory in that rich women can afford to go to New York and elsewhere for abortions, while poor women cannot.

There are no clauses in the law providing for pregnancies caused by rape or incest, or where there is a high chance that the offspring may have serious congenital birth defects.

As the law stands, it is up to the individual doctor to define "health" as he sees fit. Since

Continued on page 3

HEY GANG, LET'S GO OUT AND BUILD A BARN.

There will be a meeting for all Daily staffers at 3:30. Several pressing items will be discussed, and all staffers are expected to show.

NOMINATIONS

Today is the last day to submit your nominations for the positions of representatives of each faculty on the Students' Council. All nomination papers must be submitted to Myron Galloway, in the Students' Council office, before 4:00 P.M.

LEAN AND HUNGRY/BY GEORGE KOPP

THERE'S AN ARTICLE IN SOME PUBLICATION ABOUT THE FORMATION OF THE "INSANE LIBERATION FRONT."

YOU'RE KIDDING.

NO. READ FOR YOURSELF. NUTS STANDING UP FOR THEIR RIGHTS.

AND THAT'S ONE OF THEM RIGHT THERE. STOP REFERRING TO THESE PEOPLE AS "NUTS."

WHAT ARE YOU SO TOUCHY ABOUT?

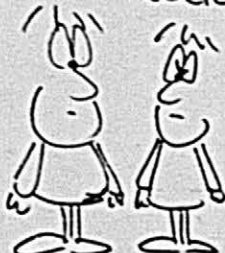
THE MEMBERS OF THE ILF ARE INSANE ONLY BY THE STANDARDS OF A REPRESSIVE SOCIETY.

BUT A PARANOID SCHIZOPHRENIC WOULD THINK THAT ANY SOCIETY IS REPRESSIVE.

NOT A SOCIETY SET UP IN THE TRUE INTERESTS OF THE PARANOIDS!

THAT WOULD BE THE MOST REPRESSIVE SOCIETY OF ALL!

HA! YOU THINK SO!? WE'D BE PERFECTLY HAPPY AFTER WE PUT NUTS LIKE YOU WHERE YOU COULDN'T DO ANY HARM!



CLASSIFIEDS

FOR SALE

DRAFTING TABLE for mechanical drawing, graphics, and art. Hand-made, unused \$20, call 842-3694.

VOLKSWAGEN 1964, new motor, gas heater, radio, body fair, \$200. After six 735-5082. Weekends all day.

LANGE competition ski boots: 1969 model, size 8 1/2 M, excellent condition: regular \$195, now \$60, contact Brian 488-8823, 488-6676.

AUSTIN MINI '67, asking \$250. Pair Kastle CPM skis, good condition, marker-Nevada bindings. Asking \$85. Phone 631-9943.

LADIES 14-INCH winter boots. Size 6 1/2. Brown, crepe sole. Never worn. Paid \$50.00, will sell for \$35.00. Call 488-0197.

LADIES' SHEEPSKIN COAT (knee-length). Size 10. 1 year old. \$200.00 when new — sacrifice at \$110.00. Call 488-0197.

SKIS: Hart Galaxies 205's (Salamon competition bindings). Head 205 (Marker bindings) \$40.00. Lange boots size 7 1/2 medium \$30.00. Call 645-4543 after 5.

YAMAHA 125 CC 1966-Honda 305 cc 196 5 — both need certain new parts, and therefore price very cheap. Call 631-3262.

TRIXON DRUM set with Ludwig stands, skins, and hi-hat rogers pedal. Zildjian cymbals. Also Ludwig drum set. Phone Bruce 272-8000.

LANGE SKI BOOTS size 6 1/2 ladies. Very good condition. \$60. also hand made riding boots. Used twice size 6 1/2. 272-8000.

BUCKLE SKI BOOTS: Lange comps. size 10M, Ströiz 10 1/2 M, Ströiz 6N, New Ströiz plastic 6N. 488-5597 after 6 P.M.

MISCELLANEOUS

ORIENTAL HOUSE, grocery, near campus, open daily till 10 P.M. (Sunday 2 to 5 P.M.). Chinese, Japanese, Korean groceries. 3478 Park Avenue.

PATRIOTES QUEBECOIS, vendons tuques, foulards "Patriotes", livres, disque. Profits au mouvement pour la defense des prisonniers politiques Quebecois. 3459 St. Hubert. Tel 525-1001.

EMPLOYMENT OFFERED. Students with spare time for next six weeks. Preferably with car or telephone. 739-6000. Mornings 11:00 to 1:30. Walter.

BABYSITTING—trained; experienced sitter available WF afternoons, TTH mornings, all evenings at 60c/hr. Call Theresa 842-0597.

ALMOST HAPPY BIRTHDAY to Cheryl B. from J.B., L.B., D.C., A.C., M.F., N.M., J.T. and G.V.

MATURE, SERIOUS, skiers ages 21-38, singles, and couples, to complete Eastern Townships ski group. 487-5501 evenings. Mon. to Fri.

PHOTOGRAPHERS! Participate in the Old McGill — sponsored Photo — Exhibit. Submit prints BEFORE Friday, Nov. 26 in Union B44.

WONTEREGIAN GEOLOGY CLUB, general meeting—film will be shown—FDA building, Rm. 232, new members welcome—Monday Nov. 15, 1 P.M.

PHOTOGRAPHY. Galerie Perception — newly opened for exhibition and sale of creative photography. 1431 Mackay. Tues. — Sat. 2-6. Wed., Thurs. 6-10.

THE BEATLES. Let It Be, Sat. Nov. 20. Leacock 132, Adm. \$1.00.

VISIT BUS STOP BOUTIQUE: 750 Sherbrooke St. West, Lowest prices on latest fashions. Coats, sweaters, jeans, skirts. Groovy clothes for day and evenings.

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SKI INSTRUCTORS required International Ski School. Call 733-7122.

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ACTORS & ACTRESSES required for low budget feature. Some experience would be nice. Salary negotiable. Write: U.F.O. Inc. P.O. Box 84, Montreal 458.

NEED A JOB? We need salesmen, supervisors and drivers with cars. Great Pay! Apply for R.O.N.T.O. at Placement Service.

MEDICAL RESEARCH COUNCIL sponsored study on Marijuana. Volunteers between the ages of 21 and 30 are required for participation in a marijuana experiment. We need men and women with varying levels of drug experience (including those who have never tried marijuana) for one evening per week for three consecutive weeks. To apply call Camille at McGill, 392-6784, between noon and midnight.

HOUSING

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BEAUTIFUL COMPLETELY RENOVATED 7 1/2 apt. to let. Few minutes from Frontenac Metro. Available Dec. 1, \$115.00 monthly. 526-2183.

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I AM LOOKING for room in co-op or someone willing to share apartment. Call Jack 644-5054 before 5:30.

2 1/2 ROOM, furnished \$120 per month, pent-house 3 1/2 room, furnished, \$140.00 per month in groovy new building, 105 Milton St.

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TYPING LECTURE NOTES, term papers, theses, manuscripts copy work. Same day service. 733-3272.

I WILL GLADLY and expertly type your theses, term papers, resumes, essays, bibliographies. Fast and accurate. IBM typewriter. 482-5362.

RIDES

RIDE WANTED straight to California around Dec. 14th, will share driving and expense. Leave message for Judy, 931-3906.

LOST

A RED WALLET on Nov. 15. Contains important identification. If found please return to Daily office or call 336-8726.

GOLD I.D. bracelet with Name "Nicoll" engraved. Lost in vicinity of the Union. Sentimental value. Call 681-2731.

A SIMPLE GOLD MAN'S WEDDING BAND, "Anusia" inscribed on inside. Of value to myself and my wife only. 849-5825.

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the Lower Canada Review of Arts and Politics

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1971

by george kopp

Philosophical Fruit

From Aristotle through the end of the nineteenth century philosophers almost without exception clothed their thought in obscure jargon. Think of a philosopher's work as an apple. In order to get to the core (i.e. Truth) you must first eat the outer part. Aristotle is a MacIntosh, St. Thomas a Baldwin, Kant a Golden Delicious, Hegel a Crab, but you always have to masticate, swallow, and digest the outer stuff before you can get to the heart of the matter. This core is basically the same for all apples (i.e. philosophers) viz. (i.e. namely) inedible. You throw it away.

Clearly what is needed is a new paradigm. The year — World War I. The place — an Italian prison camp. There, sitting cross-legged in a corner, an itinerant bridge-builder, his eyes fixed on a fly in a fly-bottle (whatever that is), his psychic space filled to capacity and overflowing with one all-consuming logical picture of facts which contains the possibility of the situation of which it is the — THOUGHT. The new paradigm . . . is . . . (banana.)

Which is to say, the only way to get at the inside, I say the only way to Truth, is to provide your truth with a disposable outside. You might well ask, "If the outside is disposable, why read it at all?" A good question. The question, in fact, which brought the author of the Banana Book to invent another new paradigm for philosophy.

Ergo, the Petunia. No inside, no outside, no nothing. You don't eat it, you just look at it. Some people can get the Meaning of Life from a petunia. They're pretty stupid. Some people don't see a damn thing in a petunia. They're pretty dense. But most people see *something* even if they can't say just what. So this is the state of philosophy now. Just look at it and . . . think nice thoughts. Maybe it'll do something for you.

see pp. 4 and 5

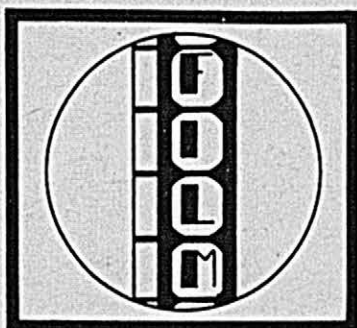


In this issue:

Ludwig Wittgenstein . . . by george kopp, victor levin and arthur garrett . . .
"I didn't say that I didn't say that. I said that I didn't say that I said that." . . . pg. 1

The Wonder from Down Under . . . by giovanni iullani . . . Family of Five
Slaughtered by Sex Crazy Teenagers Under Hypnotic Spell. . . pg. 3

Gospel Truth . . . by gordon roback . . . What your Sunday-school teacher
never knew about Jesus, Joseph and Mary. . . pg. 6



by pat hobby

Sunday, Bloody Sunday
at the Avenue
admission \$2.25

WICKED CHILDREN tickle me pink. For your added pleasure *Sunday, Bloody Sunday* comes equipped with a gaggle of them. If they were mine, I'd tie them each hand and foot, pack them into individual burlap sacks, throw in a few bricks for ballast and drop the little bleeders in the Thames. As it stands they're someone else's — that makes them a laugh riot.

They're also perfect counterbalance to the de-

sperate, desperate adults Danny (Peter Finch) and Alex (Glenda Jackson) who gently compete for Bob Elkin's (Murry Head) love.

Sunday, Bloody Sunday must have been a difficult film to make. It tries and to a large extent succeeds in catching deep emotional themes and variations on film. Other directors pass up difficult stories; it was courageous of Schlesinger to take on Penelope Gilliant's story. And it's a beaut. Other directors paste up old ideas they got from television to handle problem scenes. Schlesinger innovates and experiments with seldom used cinema techniques to achieve his successes. He carries a well planned Mozart sound track (from *Così Fan Tutti*) over several scenes to maintain discrete emotional themes and uses unusual camera angles and clever cutting to jump in and out of characters' thoughts.

Not all the experiments work. Some of the camera work and

sound track is self-conscious and awkward. But with all the copping out other cinema directors have been doing lately, Schlesinger is welcome to a few failures now and then. He puts together more than enough good stuff. A quick comparison of *Good-Bye Columbus* and *Sunday, Bloody Sunday* on Jewish ritual celebrations of *nachas* (good news) illustrates the difference between shoddy fabrication and meticulous craftsmanship.

All the acting is fine, but Glenda Jackson is remarkable. Her face (which I could happily sit and look at for hours on end) is perfect for her part. She doesn't have to clench her fist, grind her teeth or tremble to let you know something's up. All she has to do is close her eyes and the tight little angle they make with her cheek bones tells you she's suffering from excruciating headache number twenty-five, "my lover is off with his boyfriend. He's left me."

continued on pg. 12



by sandi mcilwain

Runt. The Ballad of Todd Rundgren
Todd Rundgren
Bearsville/Ampex A-10116

Cahoots
The Band
Capitol SMAS651

Tupelo Honey
Van Morrison
Warner Brothers 1950

ON HIS NEWEST ALBUM, Todd Rundgren wrote the words and music, sang lead and background vocals, played guitars, piano, vibes, sax-

ophones, pump organ, mandolin, fiddles, beer can, the Putney, teensy cymbals and jingle bells, among a dozen or so others; everything, that is, except bass and drums. He produced the album, and mixed it himself, at Bearsville Sound Studios. Despite this seemingly heavy-handed virtuoso approach, this album has a fresh sound that might surprise you.

To clear up a few points, Bearsville Studios is that same one in the Catskills where The Band makes records, and Todd Rundgren once worked as The Band's engineer. So he's a little famous, but not as a music-maker. This is his second album, and the whole thing has a clearness that makes all the difficulties of making your own album seem insignificant. A shy person, Todd couldn't do anything more natural than to sing his various voices to himself in a mountain studio, having recorded basic tracks with a rhythm section in L.A., and then

continued on pg. 9

Department of English Drama Programme

AUDITIONS for Anton Chekhov's THREE SISTERS

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ALL McGill students are eligible to audition

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Executive Producer ROBERT VELAISE
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Songs of a young Canadian.
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Songs of a Canadian's experience. His name is Fergus.
He sings songs of his own making.
Songs of a young Canadian. Listen to Fergus. On Capitol.

Capitol Records (Canada) Limited Produced by: Greg Hambleton



Capitol
ST 6370

Strike . . .

Continued from page 1

He said that the libraries were presently running at "50 percent efficiency", so that "you cannot find one out of every two books that you might want".

Schmidt also accused the library workers of "presently harassing the librarians who, in spite of tremendous workload, are trying to maintain some form of minimal library service for the convenience of the students."

Describing the students as "simply pawns" in the present conflict, Schmidt claimed that the library workers asked for student support long after they began "harassing" them by reducing efficiency in the university libraries.

He felt that the union of library workers should expect little support from the students because there has been little consideration for the students on the part of the library workers.

To the suggestion that active student support would lead to an early decision and a resumption of complete library services, Schmidt said that he did not feel the demands of the union were fully justified or would ever be accepted.

Schmidt, however, claimed that he was "not siding with the administration" in the present dispute.

Science Students' president, Nick Shamy, also felt that the union was being unreasonable in its demands.

Shamy, however, emphasized the importance of the university as "an institution of learning" and said that there was no place for unions in it.

He cited the example of the Université de Montréal, where students missed one month of courses, losing "precious time" as well as "substantial amounts of money in fees for education that they did not get."

Touching on faculty decisions to cancel classes, Shamy stressed that the "faculty decisions would not affect the student attitudes."

Shamy felt that the Arts students might be contemplating involvement because they make more use of the libraries.

All the student associations have submitted a joint petition to the administration, pressing for an early settlement.

Meanwhile, services at SGWU libraries have dwindled to a bare minimum.

The National Union of Sir George Williams University Employees, now in the third day of a strike, has sent out a call for support from McGill. People wishing to demonstrate solidarity can do so by joining the picket lines set up around the Norris Building, Drummond and Stanley Streets, or at the Hall Building, de Maisonneuve, Crescent and Bishop Streets.

A teach-in, sponsored by the Arts Students' Association of SGWU, on the Library Strike, and featuring speakers from the Administration and the Union, will be held Tuesday, November 23, at 3pm, in the Hall Building, H-110.

Abortion . . .

Continued from page 1

there is no clearly-defined standard, moral concerns often affect the doctor's decision.

"The government is asking doctors to be judges," Gillett said. "Patients don't go to doctors for moral decisions."

Many Quebec hospitals — especially those with Catholic affiliations — don't even set up therapeutic abortion committees, so that no abortions can be performed there, regardless of the opinions of individual doctors associated with the hospital.

Gillett said that in medical school he was taught that abortions are criminal acts, but that in the past few years, public opinion has changed drastically.

"The right to abortion is being recognized as a fundamental human right," he said. "The moral choice rests with the individual woman. In 1971, this (the present law) is something we can't tolerate."

Susan Wheeler, a member of MCALR, urged members of the audience to attend Saturday's demonstration for abortion law repeal.

An International Day of Protest against the Abortion Laws will be observed in Montreal tomorrow with a demonstration.

The demonstrators will start at 2 pm from Phillips Square (opposite Morgan's) and march to Bourassa's office at Hydro-Quebec. Later, there will be a rally by the English-speaking coalition at Viger Square while the French-speaking coalition will rally at the CSN.

Everyone is urged to attend!



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\$163 67



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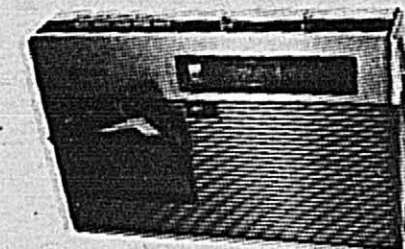
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Marlene Dixon

Research, Publication and Collegiality

RESEARCH AND PUBLICATION

During the 1940's and 1950's the growth of sociology was dominated by liberal ideology, which based its claims to be "scientific" on an imitation of a natural science model. The natural sciences were endowed with a prestige and acceptability that the sociologist wished to win for himself and his profession. This was the era in which sociology, claiming to be an "objective" science, and that its research was "value free" and sought only "objective" empirical fact.

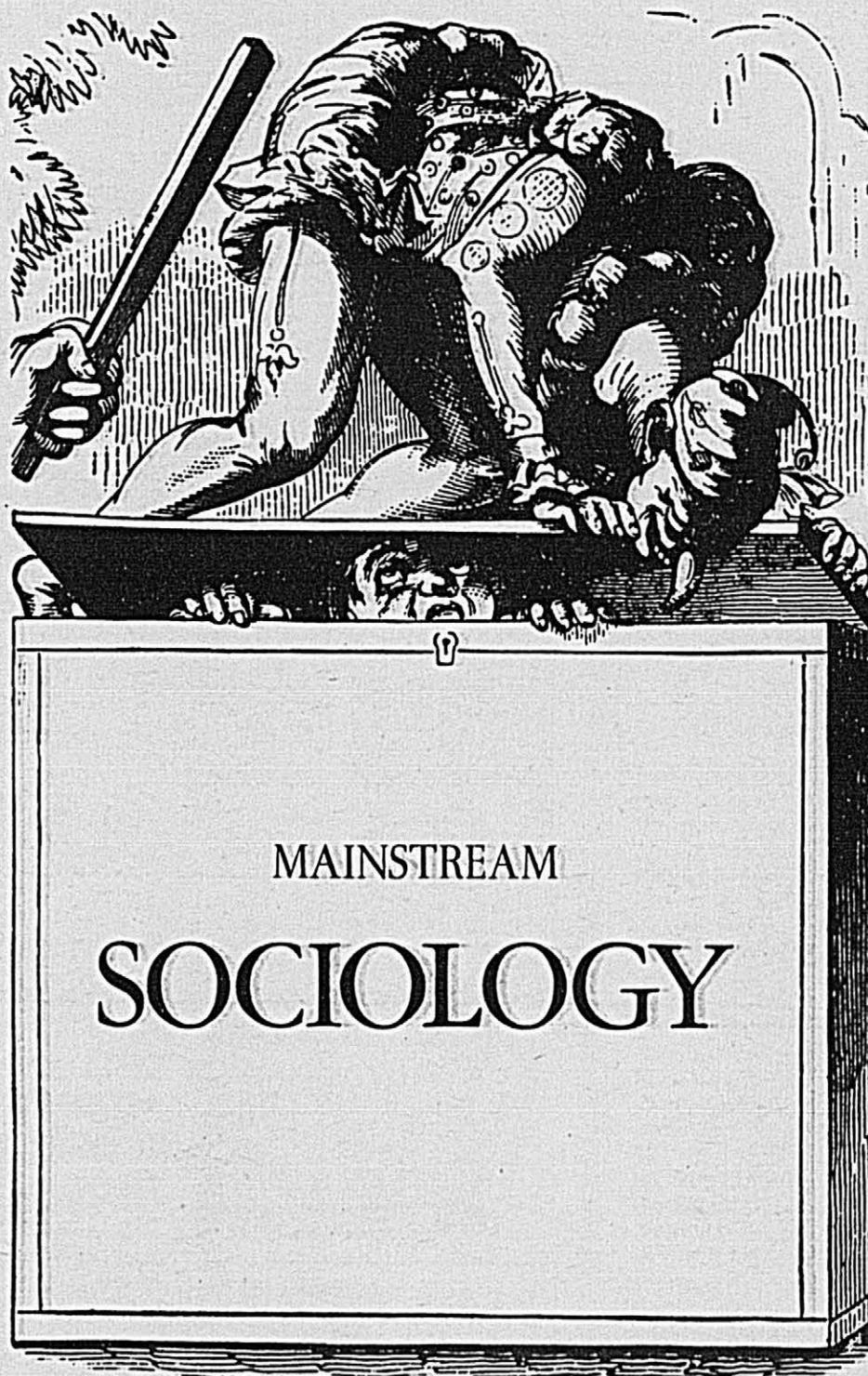
Time has proved the "scientific" claims of sociology have been illusory. Sociology is not "value free". On the contrary, it is often so biased with the values of liberal anti-communism as to often render its "objective empirical data" irrelevant or absurd. Yet, the attitudes of "scientism" with all of its pretensions remains predominant in mainstream sociology. The demand is made of everyone to go through the motions of "empirical research" regardless of the utility of such procedures to one's theory or problem.

Adherence to a Marxist tradition must lead one to reject the claim that the only acceptable form of research is "empirical research" accomplished through the traditional methods. The traditions of Marxist scholarship, while often scholastic, are in their most vital forms based upon a methodology of praxis, of active engagement in insurgent social movements, in which theory and practice are integrated into a living whole.

Certainly Marxists differ in the extent of their engagement in a turbulent world of social change. Some people, by inclination or by their particular histories and commitments are plunged almost overwhelmingly into a life of activism; others are less absorbed, and enjoy greater freedom for contemplation and purely theoretical work. The two types of intellectual workers ought to complement one another, to exchange information and analyses, integrating the different virtues of the emphases of their practice. But this is not to say that the activist role is in any way free from the obligation of analysis and criticism, for otherwise the experience of participation becomes useless to others.

The scholastic role of Marxist theoreticians not engaged in praxis is amenable to the mainstream definition of the professional role and is consequently widely accepted in the Academy, but this is not true of the activist role. Activism, while as old as Marxism itself, is still new and unwelcome in the post-WW2 university. The role of the activist, however, is

This is the second of a two-part transcript of a statement made by Marlene Dixon to the sociology department's renewal committee.



essential to Marxist scholarship for it is only in the crucible of practice that theories may be tested and new theory generated which reflects real social conditions.

No Marxist ought to publish for the sake of publishing; no Marxist ought to pursue his studies as a "career." If this is the ideal of the scholarly role, it is a necessity for the activist role. The demands of the immediate struggle become the primary focus of the activists' analysis and publication. Publication occurs when errors need to be corrected, when a fuller education of participants becomes mandatory, when changes are demanded in strategy and tactics, or when theoretical and practical debates within social movements are the most urgent and immediate struggle. The demands of activism, particularly for those in significant leadership positions, require constant judgement, based on theory and practical knowledge, and those judgements and their consequences are all part of the analytic process.

Yet one may never communicate this knowledge in written form, but transmitting only orally through consultation, speeches, seminars, study sessions and planning groups. Since one does not struggle in order to publish, but publishes in order to struggle, the activist role is in contradiction to the "publish or perish" expectations of mainstream sociology. Furthermore, the activist explicitly recognizes the legitimacy of the oral tradition and the value of collective analysis and decision making. If theory and practical experience can best be transmitted verbally in face to face situations, there is no need to publish it.

Activists recognize the need for contemplation, for periodic withdrawal from immediate social action in order to further theoretical mastery and to systematize and integrate practical knowledge with the existing body of theory. Such "stolen moments" are very precious, and a university position is one of the chief means by which activists are

able to accomplish much study and writing. It is one of the chief reasons why Marxist activists seek to remain within universities. Yet the cycles of intense involvement and contemplative withdrawal are not provided for, nor is their importance recognized by mainstream "empirical" sociology.

In my own case it has been my fate to have been absorbed in active participation since my graduate studies. Events at the University of Chicago threw me into an even more demanding activist role. My first year at McGill was one of intense practical activity; my second year has been one of relative seclusion and devotion to study, the course of which I have not yet completed. Part of my concern has been drawn precisely to the problem of a closer and more fruitful integration of the scholarly and activist roles, for it seems clear to me that scholastic analysis has been weakened by its isolation from practical action and practical action weakened by its isolation from theoretical analysis. My studies and my problem have led me to sharply criticize the profession, the academy, and the role of the academic "radical". This has meant that I have ruffled the feathers of numerous sociologists and radicals. So be it.

In those articles which I have published to date all have been analyses demanded by the immediate tactical and strategic needs of a particular social movement, the women's struggle, although my work as an activist has not only been limited to the women's movement. My aims were not to impress professional colleagues, but to influence the direction and goals of the women's movement. My "data" is practical experience itself, which includes work in every region and in every major city of the United States and Canada. The men and women for whom I am writing are themselves participants, and have no need for footnotes—they need only check what I say against their own experience. Participants are also constrained by the discipline of their activism; there are issues, events and sources that we do not reveal and do not write about. An activist is engaged in a revolutionary process; the first commitment is to serve the furthering of that revolutionary process to the best of one's ability.

In the end, the true evaluation of my work is revealed in its usefulness of my work to the movement itself. Its value consists not only in education, but also in the accuracy of my prediction and the success of the strategies I propose. I submit that this is a harder test of merit than is ever demanded of an article published in the *American Sociological Review*. It has been my reward to see the realization of my work represented in the direction and actions of the movement it-

Continued on page 5

giovanni iuliani

The Wonder From Down Under

You go to see Reveen because he's a hypnotist and you're curious as to what hypnotists do. I go to see Reveen out of professional interest. He and I are in the same business, only he's big-time and I, to be perfectly frank, am small-time.

Reveen mesmerizes people on stage before full houses at the Capitol theatre; I turn my wife into a gorilla before the gathered local gentry of St Jean d'Iberville, St Hyacinthe, Kapuskasing or wherever I happen to be appearing.

We both depend on 'the willing suspension of disbelief' — the audience has to want to believe in what we're doing in order to enjoy our acts. Not that Reveen stands before the people in shirtsleeves, a naked light bulb over his head saying: 'Listen folks, believe me or not, as you wish...' No siree. He lays it on thick, really thick. I know what I'm talking about — I'm in the business.

The night I went to see him, Reveen used the classic formula for introducing himself first developed by the Russian magician Knie. First the house is totally blackened, and then little by little a slide projector outlines a drawing of Reveen and then a spotlight and an announcer's voice: "Ladies and Gentlemen..."

Don't try visualizing Reveen as a dark and sinister figure born out of the imagination of the late Sax Rohmer. He is no Fu Manchu or Bela Lugosi. In fact he has a rather pleasant face and jovial attitude, and he starts his show by rattling off a monologue about his flight from Australia using jokes that sound like they're copied from 1956 Ed Sullivan shows. "When we felt the plane was going to crash someone asked me to do something religious, so I passed around a collection. Had I the time, I would have started a game of bingo." Yuk, yuk, yuk, and a hardy-har-har. Not very funny and Myron Cohen did it better. But it does serve to make Reveen seem like a very human fellow; it dispels the image of the hypnotist as the incarnation of dark and diabolical forces. Reveen doesn't want to terrorize his audience, he wants them to be on his side. And, believe me, in this business any method you can find that keeps the audience with you is a good one — if it works.

After he gets the audience nice and relaxed he goes into the whole scientific bit. Dropping names (Freud, Mesmer) like a second year honours philosophy student, he goes into a rap on the peaceful uses of hypnotic power. Doctors can use it; dentists can use it; and it even works on frigid women. Finally Reveen lays the ground rules — no vulgarity, no drunkenness, no psychotics or undrugged participants — and we're ready for the show.

All those who wish to be hypnotised are invited to come on stage. While the willing victims flock up the ramps onto the stage, Reveen disappears into the wings. He returns wearing a new flashy tux, looks down at the crowd assembled on the stage and informs them that before they can undergo hypnotism they'll have to be initiated in mesmerism.

Mesmerism, we learn, consists of a series of suggestive 'tests' such as joining your hands together above your head and with your eyes closed tightening your grip while imagining that your hands are glued, welded, bolted, knitted and locked — as if they were one unified, solid block of iron. "You won't



be able to undo your hands until I tell you," Reveen intones in a monotonous voice, walking back and forth repeating his spell over and over again. While this is going on, Reveen has his wife, dressed in a slinky evening gown, putting her finger to her lips, shushing the audience. When the whole process has been completed, Reveen walks over to each person on the stage and unties the invisible bonds wrapped around their wrists. He looks over the group gathered on the stage and chooses the most likely prospects for hypnotism. We're ready for the chef d'oeuvre.

Again we are warned against making any noise. I feel almost compelled to take out my blank .38 revolver and pull the trigger at the most crucial moment; but I remember the \$3.50 I spent for the show and think better of the idea... the lights change from white to blue and the people on stage look as though they're shrouded in a blue cloud. Reveen walks among the people seated on the stage delivering his most important spell of the evening. What he says now will separate the genuine articles from the duds, the good hypnotic subjects from the bad. I have to take back what I said before about Reveen not resembling Fu Manchu. At this point in the show, he becomes the Hypnotist supreme — his

voice takes on an eerie dramatic quality as he effortlessly puts the entire group to sleep. With the Moonlight Sonata playing in the background, Reveen addresses the group: "You will wake up and it will be intermission; you will remember nothing, but when you walk off the stage, you will dance your favourite dance in the aisle." Reveen then directs his words to the audience. He is aware that there are many, he tells us, who would like to benefit from the therapeutic properties of his hypnotic powers, but who won't get their chance on this particular night. Well... for the benefit of those poor unfortunate souls there is a special long playing record of a hypnotic session, with the master's own voice... just send six dollars in a specially provided envelope, and... well, after a few relaxing hours with this record you may never smoke or overeat again... And now it is intermission time. Over one hour has passed and so far the only hypnotism I've seen for my \$3.50 has been some folks dancing down the aisles.

I think of Bela Lugosi when he so ably portrayed Chandu the magician in the old serials. I remember the Arab who hypnotises Kim in the movie of the same name. They were fictitious characters and they managed to hypnotise their

subjects in a matter of minutes. Apart from these celluloid performances I have also seen such stage hypnotists as Le Grand Robert and Le Grand Romeo. These French Canadian artists are truly superb and their performances are very fast paced and involving. Unfortunately they lack Reveen's ability to milk a situation for all it's worth. What for them is a simple exercise that lasts not more than ten minutes becomes in Reveen's treatment a full blown dramatic production. Here I must give credit to Reveen for his discovery and use of the art of much ado about nothing. "Isn't it great" they say, and, "I've seen it but I still don't believe it" — as they line up to buy the records. Oh well, I console myself, every day somebody discovers the Eiffel Tower for the first time.

The second half of Reveen's show is very fast paced — so fast, in fact, that I had the impression that he was trying to get it over with. He quickly went through a 'you - will - feel - like - you - are - on - board - a - jet' routine (with musical accompaniment), a refreshment tasting bit, and 'a little innocent loveplay with the person sitting next to you'. And then, the grand finale: The International Amateur Contest. Each contestant does his own little thing: an Irishman will wing Danny Boy, Mary Funnyface will do a few magic tricks, Snotty So-and-so will play her violin, somebody else will play the xylophone, etc., etc., ad nauseam... (The nicest thing about the whole affair, from the contestants' point of view, is that they won't remember a thing afterwards.)

And so, it's all over except for the shouting. Reveen thanks his manager, his stage-hand and his wife (in that order), flashes the peace sign and, just for good measure, the closed fist salute and disappears.

All in all it must have been a successful night from Reveen's point of view. A packed house going home satisfied, a few hundred records sold, and several score new members in the Reveen Club added to the 51,000 true believers who already belong. Truth to tell, I can't help but admire Reveen. I mean, as I said before, we're in the same business. As the mad doctor I transform my wife into a gorilla every night, touring my sensational act around the province. Only the other night I made a few hypnotic passes at my wife before placing her inside the illusion. When I changed her back to her normal self, I snapped my fingers as though to awaken her. Someone in the audience later told the manager that he thought it was by hypnotism that I turned her into an ape. Now I take more time before placing her into the illusion. I look into her eyes and discuss what we will have for dinner tomorrow while the assembled yokels imagine all sorts of hocus-pocus. Maybe I should get in touch with Famous Players for booking at the Capitol Theatre next year. If Reveen doesn't come back, I might just make it big as 'the wonder from up here.' And, if Famous Players won't have me, I can always get into that other great illusionary field—politics. I've got a lot of ideas as to what politics is all about and what it's good for, and I've had practical experience too. Someday I'll tell you about the time I worked as the Creditiste's electoral agent in Verdun. Compared to a political con, even Reveen's pitch sounds honest.

The Life and Hard Times of Ludwig Wittgenstein

by arthur garrett

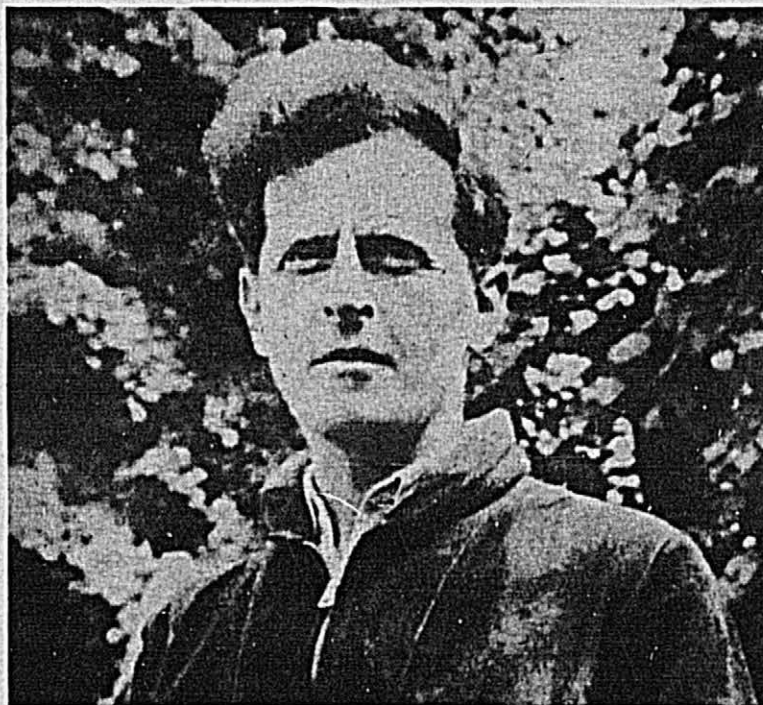
Perceiving affinities is, as my grandmother might say, like picking fly shit out of pepper. Or maybe it's like confusing the fly shit for the pepper. At any rate, in the case of our boy, a certain L. Wittgenstein, the game of shit and pepper picking could go on forever.

Wittgenstein, some will tell us, has strong affinities with C. S. Peirce. They were both logicians, they were both madmen and they both sought to establish the boundaries of permissible discourse.

Others will tell you that young Ludwig was actually a latter day Taoist — just look at the closing statement of his first book, the 'Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus: 'Whereof one cannot speak, one must remain silent'. Pure Taoism.

No, no, no, yet a third group will argue: Wittgenstein's strongest affinities lie with Spinoza — just look at the title of his first book, a straight steal from Spinoza. And didn't that fellow from the Times Literary Supplement prove convincingly that our friend Ludwig was actually a Young Hegelian? — it's a well-known fact that while a young student at the Gymnasium in Potsdam, Hegel used to sneak into the can to read Spinoza's ethics.

And then, of course, there are the devotees to whom dear old Wittgenstein bears affinities to nobody except Christ.



This last group, (mostly tenured professors with wives who hate philosophy) have contributed mounds of exegesis on the holy writ, ie, the Investigations.

Well, no matter what the shit - and - pepper pickers say, there are certain indisputable facts concerning Ludwig Wittgenstein, Anglo-Austrian philosopher — (or is it, Austro-English? . . . no, no, it sounds better the other way). Ludwig Wittgenstein was born in Vienna in the month of April, 1889. His father was an engineer and a highly

cultured fellow. His mother was a society dame. Ludwig was the youngest of five children and he was educated at home, until he went off to university to study aeronautic engineering. Before the war (the First Great War, that is) he studies in England, where, under the influence of Bertrand Russell and G. E. Moore he became interested in philosophy. He once asked Russell whether the latter thought he had sufficient wisdom to become a philosopher. Russell asked young Ludwig to write a paper, and after

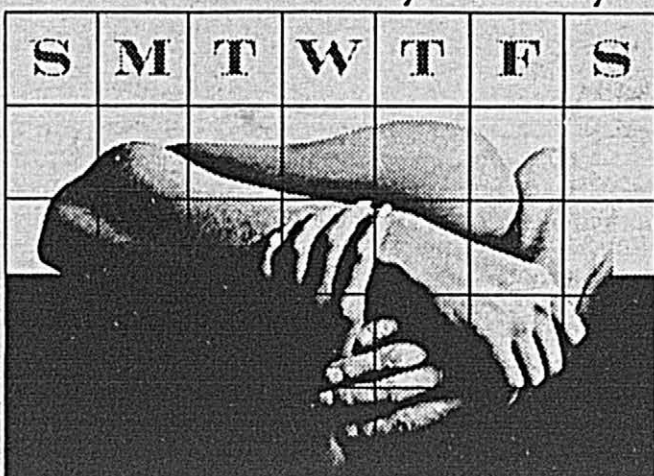
reading one sentence of it Russell said: "Ludwig, you're not a total fool". Whereupon Wittgenstein decided to become a philosopher. In later years, Russell was to regret that gratuitous remark. In any event, Wittgenstein became a philosopher, wrote the Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus and became the darling of the British philosophical set. Cambridge even decided to give him his degree, despite the fact that he had regularly cut classes and never drank sherry with the old boys.

Ludwig was a very self critical fellow and didn't want to allow his newfound literary success to go to his head. And so, shortly after the publication of the Tractatus, he packed off to the hills of Austria, where they still thought a philosopher was 'a queer sort of fellow, who fools around with the sheep when the full moon is out'. Wittgenstein taught school in remote villages for a while, but ran into trouble with the local parents association when they found out that he was giving his pupils homework. The local parents had all read John Dewey and they knew that homework was a sin and caused young children to sprout pimples and grow hair on their palms. Disillusioned, Wittgenstein decided to become a monk. He tried three monasteries, but they wouldn't let him join. They had all heard that he never drank sherry with the old boys back at Cambridge. He finally found an obscure order near the Italian border that would let him in — but only as a gardener's assistant.

Wittgenstein liked the work at the monastery except for one thing: they had no Agatha Christie novels in their library. Worse yet, they didn't even have the Hardy Boys. And so, knowing which side his bread was buttered on, he went back to England, where he ate cheese and wrote posthumous books, letters, notes and epigrams until his death in 1951. Just before he died, Elizabeth Anscombe asked him if he would like to be buried in Westminster Abbey, and he replied, no, and so he wasn't.

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SATURDAY, NOV. 20, 1971

AT MCGILL UNIVERSITY



A SYMPOSIUM

PLANNING AS PART OF THE GOVERNMENTAL PROCESS

THE NEW CHANCELLOR DAY HALL, 3644 PEEL STREET, MONTREAL

10:00 A.M.	Introductory Remarks	Moot Court
10:30 A.M.	Panel: Citizen Participation in Planning Chairman: Prof. J. Baker	Room 101
	Panel: Administration, Law, Finance, The Public Acts. Chairman: Prof. D. Farley	Room 102
Exhibition in the Foyer by courtesy of the City of Montreal, Planning Department		
2:00 P.M.	Panel: Urban Design in the Public Sector Chairman: Mr. Morris Charney	Room 101
	Panel: Public Action and the Quality of the Environment Chairman: Prof. Bryan Massam	Room 102
4:00 P.M.	Plenary Session: Report by Chairmen	Moot Court
5:00 P.M.	Cocktails	Foyer
8:30 P.M.	Guest Speaker	Moot Court

DR. PETER OBERLANDER
SECRETARY, MINISTRY FOR URBAN AFFAIRS, OTTAWA.

THIS SYMPOSIUM IS BEING ORGANIZED BY THE SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE
AS PART OF THE MCGILL SESQUICENTENNIAL CELEBRATION



Although he is not widely known as a political or social philosopher, there are those who see in Ludwig Wittgenstein's thought the way to the perfect society. On a farm in Loverlee, England, live Portley Lout, Hume Feinstein, and Astoria Waldorf, the members of the *Communitas Posito-Analyticus*, commonly known as the Wittgenstein Commune. The Commune was founded by one of the Master's former pupils, Felicity Smirk. Miss Smirk was so devoted to Wittgenstein that she took on his gestures, his accent, his very manner, thereby making herself thoroughly obnoxious to her colleagues. Shortly after she escaped the assassination plot afoot in Cambridge she moved to Loverlee and started gathering dis-

ciples. There have been as many as five people beside herself at the Commune at any one time.

Perhaps the most important work done in the Commune is the publication of the "*Communitas Pictorial*," a glossy magazine of blatant propaganda. The "*Pictorial*" extols in winged superlatives the joys of the Wittgensteinian state and the benefit gained from the practical application of the Master's Thought. Although the scholarly value of this periodical is, in our view, nil, we reprint this article because the bourgeois press and fascist journals such as *Philosophical Quarterly* and *Journal of the History of Ideas* wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole.



From left to right: Felicity Smirk, Astoria Waldorf, Portley Lout and Hume Feinstein

Study The Master's Thoughts, Live Happily and Let's Make One Thing Perfectly Clear

(from '*communitas pictorial*')

"If a receptive attitude is called a kind of 'pointing' to something - then that something is not the sensation which we get by means of it." So says the Master in section 672 of the *Investigations* and so we reminded ourselves when studying the problem of garbage disposal on the Commune. Clearly it is the "receptive attitude", i.e. the attitude of the respectable, that is of the utmost, in our case as in other. Thus the Master's thought is universalized.

Garbage on the Commune is traditionally placed in fairly large columnar cans, lidded to contain the odor, for as the Master says: "Ask yourself: How does a man get a 'nose' for something? And how can this nose be used?" Indeed, the odor often appears too powerful for the tightest fit, for the dogs from the adjoining property have acquired the habit of scavenging around our cans in search of food. When the lids are loose the dogs knock over the cans and make a God awful bloody mess. When the lids are tight the filthy beasts stand around and howl. We turned to Wittgenstein Thought and found this: "The question arises: Can't we be mistaken in thinking we understand a question?" And how true it is. We were probably going about the problem in all the wrong way. The dogs were right to a) strew or b) howl. They were probably ill-treated at home.

Very pleased with ourselves were we, until Mr. Loutt, ever advancing in his study of Wittgenstein's thought, observed that "Can't we be mistaken in thinking we understand a question?" was itself

a question. How true. We could very easily be doubly mistaken. And, opined Miss Waldorf, this could be more serious than our usual mistakes, for in section 143: "Notice, however, that there is no sharp distinction between a random mistake and a systematic one." The youngsters began to panic, but I bade them keep hold of themselves. When in times of despair always turn to the thoughts of the Master. "Make the following experiment: say 'It's cold here' and mean 'It's warm here.' Can you do it? - And what are you doing as you do it? And is there only one way of doing it?" Mr. Feinstein then complained of the cold, even though it was quite cold, for which he was roundly chastised by the rest of the group.

The point of course is that it is possible to say one thing and mean another in a variety of ways. In the case of cold and warm, for example, the tone could be ironic, sarcastic, jocular, mistaken (consider a native speaker of another language) and many others. Rather than look for broad theories of meaning we should look first and foremost at the subtleties, the "fine shades of behavior," involved in the way we speak to each other. All assented that this was indeed true, and we retired to the dining room for dinner, taking for our Grace the Thought: Don't look at it as a matter of course, but as a most remarkable thing, that the verbs 'believe', 'wish', 'will' display all the inflexions possessed by 'cut', 'chew', 'run'." How comforting, how very apt was this Thought as we dug in heartily into our dog-and-trash-under-can . . .

Old Proverbs, New Bibles

by victor levin

Ludwig Wittgenstein, one of the great philosophers of our time, is almost unknown to the public, partly because philosophy has passed out of favour, partly because even among philosophers, there are few who are harder to understand. His followers never understood him. He would have been shocked at the way they distorted his ideas and filled books and lectures with trivia and sterile mutterings.

We're learning not to classify him too quickly. He tells us that we must deal with forms of life, and so he leads us beyond two great philosophical traps, necessity and history.

The work of Wittgenstein marks a response to a grave crisis. Civilization is falling apart because men think the beginning and end of truth and value is their own sensations: you know if your senses tell you so, and something's valuable if you like the sensations it gives you. In philosophy, Descartes set the stage for the crisis. After "I think, therefore I am", the whole world revolved around the isolated man. Three hundred years of philosophy turned subjectivist. In practical life, that meant fiercer competition. Subjectivism was true enough of the modern experience: each man was out for himself, and everyone else was an alien, a threat, to be used. For

a while, that seemed to be the antidote men needed to hold back the skeptical idea that we can't know anything. That idea had been gaining ground ever since men found that the cities had strength just like God and the Church. With the Church suddenly useless, in the search for knowledge and value, come the Reformation, men counted on reason and sense to carry them through. It worked for a while. Till the 19th century. But life was getting stale, and men in search of excitement and fascination and shock impact were turning more and more from their own cultures to other cultures far removed in time and space. Reason, whose job it was to systematize all the ideas before it, keeping the true and dropping the false, couldn't cope with the challenge. The challenge was not only an overabundance of ideas. It was the gnawing idea that truth was all a mat-

ter of the way you looked at things. So reason was discredited. Sense was not. If you couldn't reason, you could still "describe what you saw". Pragmatism took over where reason failed: the ways you described what you saw were justified because they worked, not because they were "true". Pragmatism, blood-brother of skepticism, won the battle skepticism had lost to Descartes. And as pragmatism won out, western man lost out. From then on, truth was molded to suit the basest and grossest passions of men.

Enter Wittgenstein. Reason is discredited because it can't cope with all the ideas that human experience fed up, but also because it looked for essences, for meanings separate from life. Wittgenstein is no rationalist, but he isn't a pragmatist either. He accepts language, the ways we describe, not because of any essential truths it might contain, but neither because it works. We begin with the forms of life by which we live, including language, because this is where we are. How could we start anywhere else? We don't have to justify everything we say and do. Granted, we have to change the forms of our life — in order to satisfy the demands of life. But philosophy has gotten out of touch with those demands, and erects abstractions in the air. Philosophy, and

the rest of "high culture" blinded man to his deeper needs.

Stage two. We aren't separate individuals. Subjectivism is a fraud. We find ourselves in relation to other men, holding common bonds. That's where we begin. Our life is intersubjective. This is fundamental, and Wittgenstein pushes the idea hard. The private language argument says that you can't talk if there's no one else you could talk with. The world is not created by a lone, struggling individual who imposes his will on chaos. It is encountered between men. The unspoken corollary: so is what's good. The result is that skepticism can't get started. The questions it asks are cut off from life, but they require life in order to be asked. Those who question without hope of an answer, as well as those who answer "This works" without saying what it works for, are overcome. Wittgenstein leans on language, the spoken bond between man and man, as a model of what will secure us. The beginning of his answer to the present crisis would be, that being somewhere else isn't the answer. Looking to change things over is making the same mistake that's been made as long as there's been philosophy, abstracting in the clouds. We have to be able to stop philosophizing, or adapt the search for truth to the requirements of life.

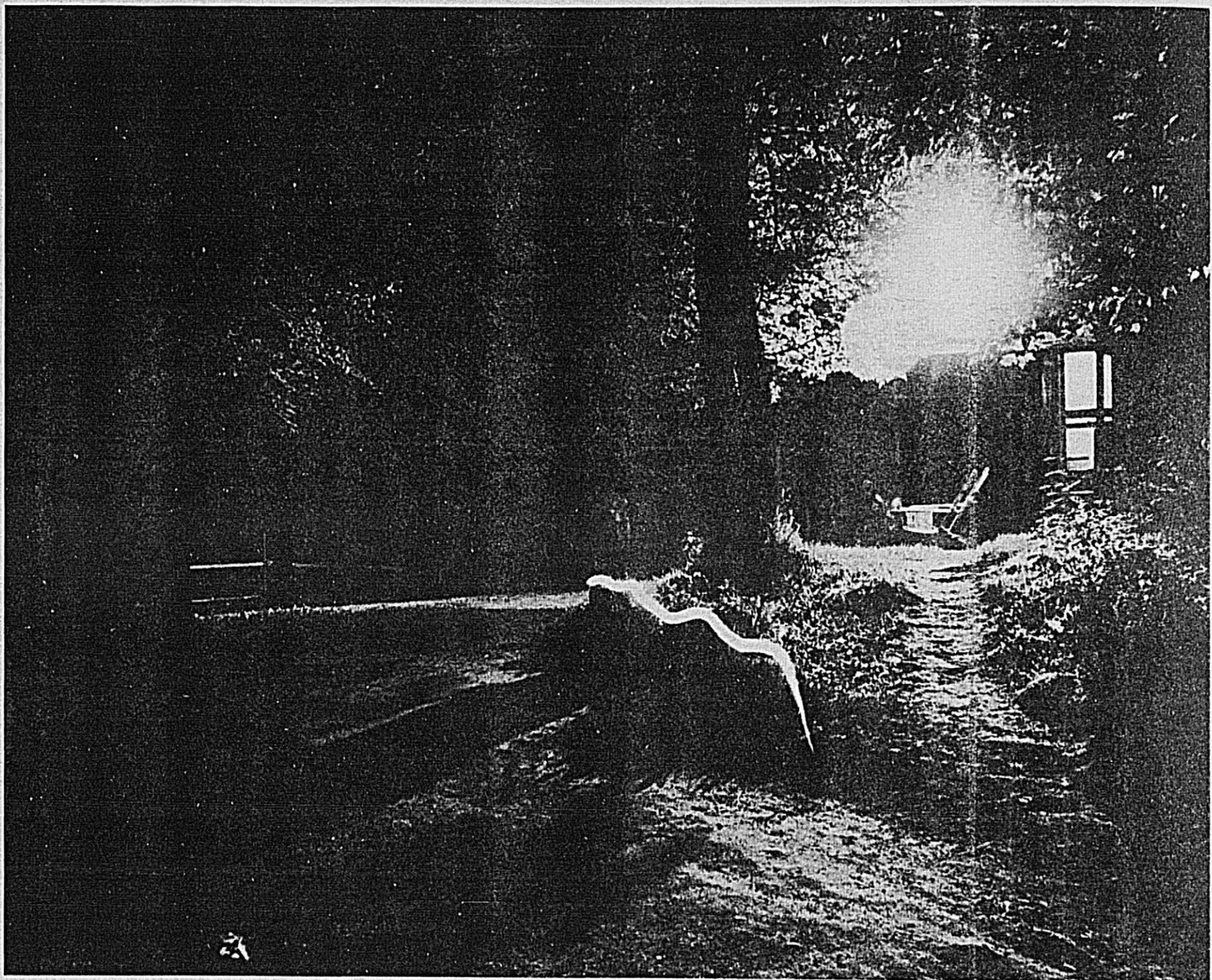


photo by gerald wexler

GOSPEL TRUTH

by gordon roback

He phoned at the worst possible time. I said that I would phone him back later and he said O.K., but I knew from the sound of his voice that something was wrong.

"Is anything the matter?"

"It's about Lewis," said my foreman, Luke Anderson.

"Have you seen him?" I asked cupping my hands over the mouthpiece. There was no need to upset my wife with the baby due any moment.

"I saw Lewis enter the tobacco shed five minutes ago. He is still in there." I looked at the bed where my wife moaned in labour and said I would join him shortly.

"How soon?" I asked the doctor.

"Not long now."

"Is there any danger?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "No more than usual," he said and then corrected himself. "Mother and child will be fine." Mary's hand pressed mine weakly as I stood over the bed. I looked at her for a moment and turned to go.

"Joseph," she cried. "Don't leave me."

"Hush now. I'll be outside." I walked to the door listening to her groan as the pains came more often and the kicking became more violent. "Joseph" she cried. Her voice subsided as the doctor injected a sedative.

The fresh night air was a relief after the confines

and the agony of the birth room. Crickets clicked songs of love in the distance. The sweet smell of yellow pine enflamed my already dizzy passion. I lit a cigarette and dragged deeply, but tasted nothing but my bile and the sickly sweet smell of turpentine. I was going to kill the father of my child.

I walked quickly down the slave path to the tobacco shed that stood on the bank of the Chidicecto river. There was a churning excitement in the pit of my stomach but my hands were dry and my lips tightly pressed together.

In the shadows of the shipping area I saw Anderson, gaunt and sober, standing with a .303 in his hands.

"Well?"

"He hasn't come out," he said pointing to a light shining from the office window. The light went out.

"He's coming."

Anderson handed me the rifle, his face a blank. "I guess you better go," I said. "Luke," I called softly. "Thanks." He turned and walked into the night.

The corridor floor creaked. The doorknob turned slowly. I drew the bolt and felt the soft press of the trigger in my hands. The door opened. Slowly. (C-R-eak.) Lewis, tall and black, stepped out of the shed and walked quickly towards the shelter of the woods that lined the river.

"Stop," I commanded, surprised at the calmness of my voice. He stopped.

"Even'n Joe," he said with false humility. "How you been keep'n?" he asked as if he was greeting me in the church courtyard after Sunday service.

"Walk towards the river. Don't turn around," I said motioning towards the river with the .303.

"Sure am surprised to see you," he confessed, his skin ebony in the moonlight, his tiny ears pink. "Sure am surprised."

My mouth was very dry. I swallowed with difficulty. I felt very much in the open. "You don't seem particularly worried."

"Should I?" he said very tall against the swift flowing river. "You're not man enough to make your own baby, you're not man enough to pull the trigger." I marched him out till the water came to his hips.

"My family paid for your education. We gave you everything. We treated you like family." He laughed. "It's not so funny," I said, the anger rising in my throat.

"You sure don't give much incentive for explaining," he said and laughed again. Moonlight touched the surface of the water like ice floating in December, just before the big freeze.

"Stop it!"

"Can I have a cigarette?"

"Don't turn around."

"Can't I have a cigarette?" asked Lewis. "You are supposed to give me one. You say any last request and I ask for a cigarette. It's very simple."

"I'm not playing games. How could you? Have you no loyalty, no shame?" He said nothing. "You were my friend. I trusted you. This is how you repay kindness. We gave you everything."

"You gave me nothing," he said with sudden venom. "You gave ME nothing. My old man worked his guts

out. Your old man treated my mother no better than a floozy. You got rid of me by sending me to that lousy nigger college so you could have Mary Lou all to yourself and you ask me why!"

He turned around. There was a profound sadness in his cow brown eyes. His right hand held a revolver. I squeezed the trigger. The woods resounded to the blast. He crashed into the water. I fired again and again. Then all was quiet... but for the sudden flight of birds and the slap of shadows that dived into the water from the other side of the river. I lingered for a moment until there was a turbulence and a sea of white foam. I returned to the house certain that the alligators would dispose of the body.



The lights of the house were bright as I approached. Imaculetta, the Mexican housekeeper rushed toward me.

'You haf a son. The Misses she is doing fine.'

'Thank goodness,' I said, closing my eyes. 'Why don't you get some sleep Imaculetta. It's been a long night. For all of us.'

The doctor was washing his instruments when I entered the kitchen.

'Congratulations Joseph. You have a boy of eight pounds seven ounces.' There was little joy in my heart but I thanked him. 'How's Mary?'

'She's sleeping now. She's fine Joseph and mighty proud.'

'We both are, doctor,' I said. 'We both are.'

'I'll tell you frankly Joseph. For a moment there I was afraid she wasn't going to make it. It was a hard birth.'

We had a quick cup of coffee. We were both quiet. I showed him to the door.

'I'm worried Joseph. Times are changing. People aren't the same any more. Even the earth isn't as fertile as when I was a lad.'

'Every age is different,' I said.

'But not like this. I just don't know any more. Maybe I'm getting too old.'

'You're just tired John. You'll be fine in the morning.'

He looked out at the lawn. 'There's a storm brewing.'



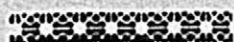
I can feel it in my bones.' He yawned.

'Goodnight John. Thanks.'

He walked to the car and was soon on his way. I closed the door and walked to the bedroom. Mary lay exhausted on the oak bed my ancestors brought over from England two hundred years before. The child slept in a straw crib. He was very red. Not overly negroid. Yet. All kids look the same at birth I told myself.

'It's a boy dear,' said Mary weakly. She was as beautiful as the first time I saw her. Innocent, graceful and shy at her Daddy's ball in Richmond. I kissed her on the cheek and closed the door quietly behind me.

I sat by the phone in the den and poured a stiff shot of bourbon and lit a cigarette. Then I put my feet on the coffee table and watched the blue smoke climb in weary circles to the ceiling.



A warm breeze caressed the sleepy pines. I sat in the garden chair reading a leather bound book from the library. It was a good idea to use the plantation for a summer camp. We hired an old nigger and his wife to do the chores and the cooking and spent quiet summer days playing with golden children. One day, while walking in the woods, I found a child lying in the bushes, her blonde head bashed open. None of our campers were missing. I counted twice. None of our children were missing. I was walking along the river with the book under my arm when I saw the old nigger woman walking with a child who didn't have a face. In her hand the woman carried an ax. I freed the child. 'Run, run.' I yelled as the ax bit into my back... The book said that if a woman is caressed to orgasm the spell would be broken. I threw the wo-

man to the ground, hit her across the face and caressed her clitoris. When her breathing became heavier and her face blurred the woman disappeared and Mary Lou was there in her place.



I must have dozed off. When I opened my eyes the cigarette was a column of ash and Lewis stood before me with his hands in his overalls and a smirk on his face.

'You've been looking for me?' he asked. He sat down in the chair near the table and folded his powerful arms.



'Yes I have,' I said clearing my throat.

'Well. I'm here.'

'I can see that.'

'How 'bout a smoke?'

'I'm glad you're here,' I said throwing him a cigarette.

'How you been keep'n?' he asked.

'Let's not beat around the bush. Why did you violate her?'

'Is that what she said?'

'No. She doesn't know that I know.'

'What do you know?' he questioned putting the cigarette in his mouth. He lit it with the red flower that appeared when he snapped his thumb and forefinger together.

'I'll fix you... a drink,' I said walking to the bar where I had a revolver concealed near the bourbon. When I looked back, Lewis was gone. I searched the house from top to bottom, but he had vanished.

The phone rang. It was very loud. Especially loud because it broke the silence. During the day the phone would not have seemed so loud, but since all was quiet and it came so suddenly it appeared very loud. It was Mathew.

'We found Lewis,' he said briefly. I visualized the shredded dismembered body. A cold torrent of shivers weaved down my spine.

'I tried to control the boys but they hanged him without a thought.'

'Where?' I asked. 'It's important.'

'Near the highway.'

I felt a tightness at my throat but thanked him for phoning. The night was much blacker when I stepped out on the porch for some fresh air. A humid laugh rustled through the trees. Thunder roared in the distant heavens. A bolt of lightning snapped across the sky in a blazing fork. I pictured Lewis swinging slowly from a broad oak between two frizzy spruce where the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief and the dry stone no sound of water. I heard Mary calling. I quickly ran up the stairs. She was very small in the bed sobbing like a quivering animal. I pulled her to my arms and stroked her hair and said, 'There there, it's only a summer storm,' and after a while the moaning stopped and she was asleep, small and precious in my arms.



Flash of lightning. Lewis. Before me. Terrible burn around his neck. Eyes bulging. Irony smile on his lips.

The shutters flew open. Hard pellets of rain lashed the curtains. I hurried across the room to close the windows. The sheets were wet when I returned though no rain could have possibly reached the bed. A flash of lightning scorched the sky. The phone rang. I froze. B-R-I-N-N-G..

'Joseph?'

'Speaking.'

'This is Mark. I got Lewis.'

'Are you sure it is Lewis?'

'It's Lewis all right.'

'That's impossible.'

'Hold it a sec. It's Lewis.'

'Where are you?'

'By the Oakville road. He's lying in a puddle.'

'Who?'

'Lewis! Must have been struck by lightning. Man's stone dead. Are you there Joseph?'

I stared at the wall for a long time. I don't know how long.

'Joseph?'

'I'm here.'

'You sound real shook up.'

I was trembling.

'Joseph. Where the hell are you?'

'I'm all right. You said Lewis was lying in a puddle?'

'Right. Struck by lightning. Act of God it was if you ask me.'

'An act of God,' I repeated.

I thanked him for calling. I crept wearily to the den. I slipped out of my clothes and turned off the light. There was a violent flash of lightning. I sank to the sofa. I looked at the window. Lewis was standing there, that ironic grin on his face.



The Last Fool

Clown days and grey
times are most of what
he now remembers.
From dwarfs
and wild cats
to empty nights
and a strange quiet
that seemed unreal
and too apparent.
One circus closed
and one more highway
was put away
in a cupboard of
time's faint rememberings
as the sad people
of entertainment
disappeared before him
one by one
and there was only
the final aloneness.

Gerald Wexler

A Vision of St. Mark's in Venice

In the instant,
Darkness fell like an avenging angel.
Then silence softly encircled me,
And out of that silence
Three candles appeared,
And the air was filled
With shimmering, changing light;
Then shadows left their place in the gloom,
And taking human forms, passed
Through the golden night.

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BY WIDERBERG

The Inquiring Reporter

TODAY'S QUESTION: Who was that lady I saw you with last night?



BILL SIMPSON, private detective: You mean the one with the long, shapely gams; the babe whose rosebud lips cried out to be crushed by mine; that half-tiger, half-woman whose lithe and supple body lured so many men to sudden and violent death? Believe it or not, I picked her up in a Seventh Avenue bar.



MARY WORTH, part-time meddler: Oh, that was Suzie, the sweet young thing who lives across the hall. She has cancer of the esophagus, amnesia, six illegitimate children by six different men, and a cheery disposition.



HUGH HEFNER, playboy and entrepreneur: Perky Sharon White likes to make the most of L.A.'s swinging cabaret scene. The golden-tressed ex-dental technician squealed: "Ooh, I like just about anyplace, as long as it's got lots of *ambiance* and *potables*."



P.E. TRUDEAU, Harvard graduate: That was no lady, that was Judy LaMarsh. Or maybe John Diefenbaker. You guys always misquote me anyway.



REGINALD DE CHARTRAND, Chevalier de St-Urbain: Qu'est-ce? Le CRAP - ça? Pis, c'est tout d'la merde, colline... c'est de McGill, ça? Ah, ouais, la merde chez McGill, c'est vrai - 'stie.

records...
continued from pg. 2

apply his other talents to making the crescendos crescendo and putting the triangles in their place. It's a case of a man who knows what he wants and is able to get it. And he is an excellent producer, in places laying down so many tracks that you're sure the vocal won't get over them, and then laying that sweet vocal on top like a roof.

The instrumentation ranges from just him and his piano on "Wailing Wall", to "guitars, guitars, guitars, guitars, electric clavinet, and plenty of sweat" on "Parole". There is nothing sloppy about this record, not

one song that should not be here, and it's catchy, if you must know, and very warm, with lyrics that go like this in places:

So tired, so sad
So sick of being had
By everyone who comes along,
Would it be so wrong
If you played along
And please just be nice to me,
And would it bring you down
If I hang around, and just

Be nice to me.

Warm. Catchy. Todd Rundgren. Just a little guy up in the mountains in the middle of the night with a quarter-million dollars of musical equipment. Making Music.

Contest

Other members of McGill's print journalism community seem to have no difficulty in attracting a wide and consistently amusing variety of crank letters to the editor. Such, alas, is not the case with us; and lest we be accused of wishy-washiness, we are hereby opening the First Biennial LCRAP Crank Letters Competition. Letters should contain at least one of the following:

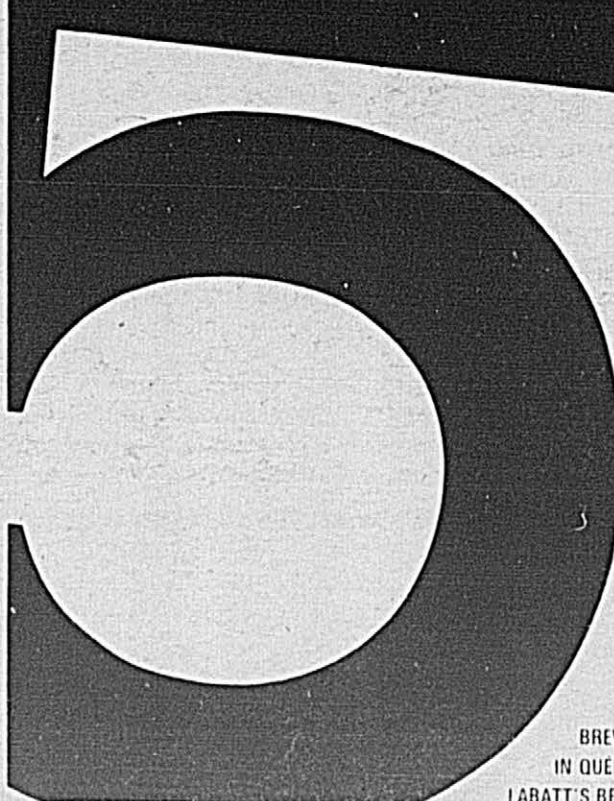
"artsy-fartsy intellectuals"
"if you don't like it here etc."
"bourgeois cultural bias"
"no relevance"

Extra points will be awarded for cleverly-worded libels; distortions, errors, and omissions of facts; misinterpretations; character assassination; and general level of choler.

Submissions should be made to the LCRAP office, room B41 in the Union. Prizes will be announced at a later date, but they will be suitably exotic. (Hint: what could be more exotic than spending an all-expense-paid weekend with Victor Loewy in the "Chairman of the Board" suite of the Holiday Inn?)



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DEMOS

by ron blumer

AS EXPLAINED IN MY INTRODUCTION to this column several weeks ago, the object of these interviews is a searching for things in common, resonances in others, of problems in human relationships. The people chosen for these interviews are not experts and are not here to present the usual meaningless academic analyses. Their mediums are their own lives and their messages are their own particular solutions to universal problems.

Ménage à Quatre — An Interview.

The problem with couples is their twoness. It's an incredible effort to know another person — to get into another person. What happens is that if you are really successful in a relationship, you tend to exclude the rest of humanity. The couple often has nothing to feed on but itself, but love must be a continuous and growing process and life is more than just another person. Some compromise is necessary since the couple seems to be something that we can't do without, it brings a basic security which people seem to need. The idea then is to make this basic structure grow and expand to include more and more people. What is needed is an intelligent attack on the traditional family set-up; some approach to communal living.

I live with two other guys, I've been living with them for about four years. We share a very small apartment in the east end, two rooms and a kitchen, so we are forced to be together most of the time. We are involved in social animation and a type of theatre that borders on sensitivity training so we try and practice what we preach to others in our everyday lives. We have maintained our equilibrium living together in relative harmony by having total and free communications between each other and total equality within the group. I think that some of our friends think that we're homosexuals. I don't deny that we are attracted to each other in a very generalized way, but there has never been anything physical between us. In any case we all have girlfriends on and off and this has never been any sort of problem between us.

About a year ago, one of the guys started going out with a girl on a very steady basis and a couple of months later, because of various financial reasons, she had to move in with us. It was supposed to be a temporary thing but instead it kept dragging on week after week. The result was that into our tight knit little set was introduced this foreign element of this guy sleeping with this girl. In a way, it completely upset

the balance, we felt that somehow the whole thing was not fair according to the principles which we had established when we decided to live together. Here was the test of all that we had believed in. My friend suggested to my other friend and his girlfriend that maybe a solution to our mutual discomfort was that the girl should be shared between the three of us. In any case, he proposed that we should at least talk together about such a possibility. You have to understand that there was no practical problem in the four of us living together. We knew the girl very well by then and had accepted her into the group as an equal. Everything was fine except for this sex thing.

After long discussions, it was decided among us that sharing was the best solution to the dilemma. For the past two months then, all of us have been regularly sleeping with this girl. In some ways it has been good but at first, it was extremely difficult. For me it was hard because, quite frankly, I am not *that* interested in this girl either sexually or erotically. She's a girl and naturally when she is in bed with me the machine starts going and things happen, but I almost feel as if I am forcing myself. The girl, on the other hand, doesn't seem to have any problems accepting any of us sexually. As a matter of fact, she seems much better than she was before — she's blooming, seems more dynamic and contributes more to the group. I think her new independence comes from the fact that she is not dependent on one guy. It was her former boyfriend who has had the biggest problem of all. At the beginning, he had fits of jealousy and pangs of possessiveness. We kept on talking to each other — having things out, and eventually things got better. He gradually started accepting the fact that his girlfriend can give and take pleasure from his friends. Seeing it all the time and living with it all the time has made the whole thing much less painful for him, almost routine.

To date, this arrangement which we have worked out among ourselves is far from final, but it was certainly better than splitting up the group. For me, it has been a very enriching experience but I think it has been most valuable for my friend who has had to accept so much, so quickly. When you think of the conventional morals that the world feeds us — their ideas of right and wrong, you begin to realize the extent to which morals are a matter of habit, of conditioning. So many people are miserable living their lives according to rules made by others — content to be wretched rather than trying to work out their own rules, their own solutions, their own rights and wrongs.

The LCRAP is the weekly supplement of the McGill Daily. All contributions are welcome — graphics, poetry and prose. Our address is 3480 McTavish, rm B41; phone: 392-8921

Editor
Associate editors
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Karl Nerenberg
Gene Allen, Michael Terrin
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self. Nonetheless, my present concerns remain the problem of praxis, the integration of theory and practice, and a clarification and extension of a Marxist methodology. The only ways in which the problems of praxis can be truly solved, is by creating the role itself, and this I am presently, in company with many others, endeavouring to do.

COLLEGIALITY

The informal norms of any workplace arise to smooth human interaction, to ease the stress, and strains of the demands of one's job, and to facilitate the collective work of the group. This "team spirit," defined by codes of etiquette and norms against "rocking the boat" are as prevalent in university departments as they are in offices or factories. The system works well and facilitates work and social interaction so long as there exists a general consensus as to the goals of work and the most desirable means and organization of work. When there exists conflict over basic goals and means of work the "boat is rocked" and the "team spirit" impaired. In periods of conflict, the basic power structure of the group rises clearly to the surface, cliques and coalitions are formed, polarization occurs along lines of disagreement, and the more powerful seek to contain or to expel the contending faction.

Of course it is no accident that radical activists are frequently the source of conflict and as frequently in the weaker faction that finds itself purged. The reason that radicals and Marxists are so often at the root of departmental conflict is not difficult to locate: the reason stems from the whole of the foregoing discussion, from the profound differences in modes of work, perspectives on the world and fundamental life commitments between radicals and non-radicals in the academy.

If the radicals in question happen to be women, the initial situation is greatly compounded by the prejudice to which women in a thousand subtle ways are subject. Entrenched power dislikes any challenge to its supremacy, and when the entrenched powers are men, and one of the challengers a woman, their fury surpasses understanding, as I have witnessed on more than one occasion.

A commitment to praxis makes head-

on collision almost inevitable, for the radical or the Marxist will seek to realize his conceptions of teaching, departmental governance and style of work. The undemocratic organization of university departments, the meritocracy based on professionalism and the privileges of rank, the pressures of the "team spirit" all work to force the radical to accept conditions of work which are not only repugnant to a radical consciousness, but which also effectively impede his intellectual development and limit his effective participation. Prior to the great university rebellions most radicals were obliged to come to terms with their powerlessness to effectively challenge or change the professionalism and norms of the workplace as defined by mainstream sociologists. The result was often profound alienation and sometimes a complete erosion of any meaningful radical commitment.

Many radicals and Marxists, however, persisted in challenging their entrenched opposition, primarily by asking how it came to be that in an institution in which departments were supposed to be democratic there was so little democracy; in sciences which were said to be autonomous there was so little autonomy; in institutions which were said to be the guardians of freedom of thought there was so little dissent; in institutions which were said to protect liberty there were so many purges; and in educational institutions there was so little education.

With the rise of the student movement and its challenge to entrenched university life, with an increase in the number of rebellious professors engaging in activism, conflict within departments, as well as within the university itself, reached unprecedented levels of tension. More often than not, students and activist professors shared many of the same aspirations for change, and joined together in a common alliance for reform and fundamental changes in university life. The unforgivable sin in any professor, needless to say, was to engage in a confrontation which not only rocked, but often upset, the boat. Equally unforgivable, it would seem, was the pollution of the professorial mystique and claim to special privileges by fraternizing unduly with students.

Whatever form the struggle may take, it is a struggle for freedom: for the

freedom of thought and action which a dissenting tradition needs if it is to grow and prosper. The corporate ethos of "team spirit" with its norms of submission and compromise, its implicitly alienating demand that conviction and action, work and practice, must be separated, is not conducive to vigorous and meaningful debate. The "team spirit" stultifies thought and works towards intellectual sterility and passivity. It became clear in the course of successive university rebellions that entrenched faculty power was almost universally opposed to any significant reform which they saw as threatening their own rank and privilege. The most common answer to the activist professor who sought freedom to pursue his own style of work and teaching was: get out of our university if you cannot submit to our departmental organization. The activist was rejected as a colleague and treated as an outsider, often as an enemy—a practice which almost guarantees creating an enemy where none might have existed before.

A university department is a web of human relationships characterized by relatively close inter-personal interaction. It is because of the personal nature of the workplace that political conflicts become so easily expressed as personal conflicts. Overt political discrimination, which is morally unacceptable to many, may become disguised by sole emphasis upon strained personal relationships. Once this occurs it is possible to ignore or even forget the nature of a personal conflict which grew out of a political confrontation. Yet such inter-personal strains are clearly political in their origin and perpetuation. A famous case of this sort was Staughton Lynd's dismissal from Roosevelt University in Chicago for "ad hominem" reasons. It was clear to any outsider that political conflict was at the heart of the matter, and in the end the Roosevelt department made itself absurd by claiming that the problem was Lynd's personality.

When the dissenting activist is isolated from a department it is a common tactic to make life so miserable that the individual is literally driven into desperation to leave the department. Such procedures disguise the fundamental political conflict which is the real issue. Furthermore it is often the isolated and frustrating position in which

the activist finds himself which leads him to retreat into a defiant and angry posture—a result which is then used to justify purging the individual on the "personal" grounds that the activist was a "bad" colleague.

In answer to allegations that I have been a "bad" colleague, or made "negative" contributions, I reply quite simply that what I have presented in this response I have learned in this department. Charges that I am "self-serving" are simply absurd when one recalls that it was by a deliberate act of principle (which I was perfectly well aware worked against my self-interest) that got me into this position in the first place. I made every attempt to contribute to the department in those areas in which I felt I had most to contribute—matters concerning students. I was explicitly informed that I was too politically unreliable to be permitted work on committees relating to graduate and undergraduate students, just as I had been explicitly told that never again would an activist be hired by the McGill Department.

The point is not to belabor the past, but point directly to the political origin of the charges that my "administrative contribution was inadequate" as under the circumstances it could hardly have been otherwise. Nor is my situation unique, on the contrary it is a common experience of many radicals.

CONCLUSION

Activists by their nature are prone to take action; they are equally prone to resist taking the easy course of conformity; finally, they are committed to resist injustice and pretension when they are confronted with it.

Political discrimination against activists is an injustice. Political discrimination may be a predictable response, but that does not mean that one should passively yield to its commission. The purge of radical activists from North American Universities is part of an overall repression by which a system threatened by rebellion attempts to crush all efforts of the people on their own behalf. My whole life has been committed to resistance. I have no intention whatsoever of betraying that commitment. Therefore, Gentlemen, I submit that you have no legitimate grounds whatsoever for denying a full renewal of my contract.

A statement from graduate students in sociology

To the renewal committee for Marlene Dixon's contract:

Graduate students should be integral members of any department since they participate as teaching assistants, research assistants, and scholars. Departmental policies are not exclusively faculty interests. The fact that we are not represented in the department of sociology is becoming abundantly clear as the proceedings concerning Professor Marlene Dixon's rehiring continue.

Since we have no representation on departmental committees, there is no recourse but to appeal to the department regarding this rehiring. It is becoming obvious, however, that the fundamental issue of student parity is emerging. The issue of professor Dixon's rehiring is but one example of the consistent tendency in the department to disregard the needs and desires of its students.

It is our understanding that the three criteria on which she is being judged are scholarship, involvement in departmental committee work, and teaching.

The fact that such recognized scholars as Sidney Peck, John Seeley, and Franz Schurmann have favorably reviewed her publications casts some doubt on your evaluation of her scholarly work. Moreover, the contracts of other faculty members with fewer or no publications have been renewed.

Her alleged failure to participate in departmental committee work is also questionable since by your own admission your past actions may have forced her to avoid contact with you. We feel that Marlene Dixon's support of SSU's (Sociology Students' Union) demands, which included student parity in the department, contributed to her ostracism from departmental decision-making.

Finally, you have made no systematic attempt to evaluate her teaching. Student evaluations of her teaching were submitted unsolicited by your committee. In view of the importance of objective appraisals, we feel that you have treated this aspect of her performance in an extremely haphazard and unprofessional way. Those of us in her graduate classes

will shortly be submitting more detailed descriptions of her teaching.

Furthermore, the committee has consistently overlooked Professor Dixon's involvement in the wider community; for example, in teach-ins on Quebec, in the women's liberation movement, and during the "October Crisis," in civil liberties. We feel that such activities are important in evaluating her merit.

In view of the above, we are at a loss to understand the exact basis on which the committee is judging Professor Dixon. We are left with the assumption that it is using different criteria to judge her than it has used in judging others.

Therefore, we can only suspect that the move to fire her is based on political and personal grounds. These are hardly reasons for dismissing a professor, who in our opinion, has not failed to meet your

three criteria. Since McGill sociology is presumably known for its liberal leanings, we question the contradiction in this move.

The impact of a decision to fire her will be strongly felt by your undergraduate and graduate students, the McGill community, and social scientists in North America, and may very well tarnish the liberal image you have tried so hard to create.

We urge you, gentlemen, to seriously consider our strong objections to your move to fire Marlene Dixon. Our objections do not apply exclusively to her case, since the procedures you are following are setting a bad precedent for subsequent decisions regarding appointments. Signed: Joan E. Hoffmann, Allan Turovitz, Jill Bystydzienski, Peter Sandor, Kathryn Jodden, Les Laczk, Nicole Bousquet, Patricia A. Kirby, Ralph G. Seliger, James W. Sayers, James P. Hawley, Charles D. Smith, Maggie Waller, Manuel Crespo, Jean Poupart, Rhoda Howard, Marc Gian and Jerry Spiegel.

TODAY

**BERTRAND RUSSELL COLL-
OQUIUM** on: Exact Philosophy:
Paul Pirlot (Biology, U de M)
and Réjanne Bernier (Philo-
sophy, U de M) on The organ-
ifunction relation. 3479 Peel, 2nd
floor, 4-6.

FILM SOCIETY: International
Series II, Raven's End (Bo
Widerberg). L132, 7 and 9:30
pm.

CHINA FRIENDSHIP SOCIETY:
Film of revolutionary ballet,
"Red Detachment of Women."
SGWU H937, 2 pm. Also at 1705
Visitation Street, 7:30 pm.

COMMUNITY MCGILL: A 17-
year-old girl on Clark St. needs
a French tutor. Union 414, 12-2.
392-8980.

ARAB STUDENTS' SOCIETY:
General meeting. All members
are invited to attend. Union B26,
6-7.

AFRICAN STUDENTS' ASSN:
Very unusual educative en-
counter. It is very imperative
that you all do turn up. Union
B23-24, 6:30-7.

SENATE REPS: Senators avail-
able to answer questions on
University policy. Union 467, 1-2
pm.

ISLAMIC SOCIETY: Friday
prayer, Union 457-458, 1:15-1:45.
PRE-MED SOCIETY: Dr. Wilder
Penfield, The Doctor and the
Family of Man, everybody wel-
come. McIntyre, Francis Semi-
nar Room 409, 1 pm.

WRESTLING CLUB: Wrestling
room practice at gym, 1 pm.

ABORTION COALITION: Spec-
tacle Québécois, with Pauline
Julien, Louis Forestier, and
others. Salle des Charpentiers
(3560 St. Laurent). Students \$1.

SATURDAY

**WOMEN'S INTERCOLLEG-
IATE VOLLEYBALL:** Tour-
nament starting at 11 am in
gym. Let's have some support-
ers for our girls.

**CHINESE STUDENTS' SO-
CIETY:** Table Tennis practice at
Chinese Catholic Mission, 3 pm.
Basketball practice, 6 pm in the
gym. For more info call Nelson
at 861-0170.

ITALIAN SOCIETY: Discussion
on Immigration continued. All
welcome. Union 327, 1 pm.

**COMMON FRONT TO REPEAL
ALL ABORTION LAWS:**
Women's march, Phillips
Square (opposite Morgan's) at 2
pm.

WOMEN'S ICE HOCKEY:
McGill Super Squaws host
Queen's University. Come see
what girls' hockey is all about.
Winter Stadium, 11 am.

WOMEN'S CURLING:
Women's curling today. All
welcome. Heather Curling Club,
1-4.

ISLAMIC SOCIETY: Eid Prayer,
Union ballroom, 10 am. Eid
party, Union cafeteria, 12-2 pm.
MEN'S CURLING: Leagues
continue today. TMR Curling
Club, 1 pm.

SUNDAY

ANGLICAN FOLK MASS:
Music and discussion, wine and
cheese. Yellow Door, 3625
Aylmer, 4:30 pm.

PGSS RUGBY CLUB: AGM
New Zealand test film will be
shown. PGSS members and
guests welcome. Thompson
House, 8 pm.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY AMIN: Our
managing editor celebrates the
successful completion of
another year of his dismal exist-

Friday, November 19th, 8:00 p.m.
Room 204, McConnell Engineering Bldg.

Lecture by:

DR. R.D. HISCOCKS

"Innovative Engineering"



Saturday, November 20th
Moot Court Room
Chancellor Day Hall

URBANIZATION Conference

Panels on:

10:30 a.m. Administration, Law, Finance—The Public Arts
Citizen Participation in Planning
2:00 p.m. Urban Design in the Public Sector
Public Action & The Quality of the Environment
8:30 p.m. PETER OBERLANDER, Secretary, Ministry of
State for Urban Affairs for the Gov't of Canada
"Planning Canada's Urban Future"

McGill Pre Med Society presents

Dr. Wilder Penfield

"The Doctor and the family of man"

Nov. 19th 1 P.M.

McIntyre Francis Seminar Room (Rm. 409)
(enter via library on 3rd floor)

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Monday, Nov. 22 1 p.m. Union Ballroom

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Nov. 19th to Nov. 26th

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I'd never raise my boy to be a number

by sheldon goldfarb

"The right not to be a number
is something that we must fight
for," exhorted Lord Ritchie-
Calder last night during a talk in
the Leacock Building on
"Science and Human Rights".

In the second of three Sir Ed-
ward Beatty Memorial Lectures
that he is giving, Ritchie-Calder
warned against the misuse of
science and technology. The
use of computers to "deper-
sonalize people and turn them
into numbers was one of the
misuses he mentioned.

He said that computers
threaten human rights because
they can be turned into the
"greatest gossip columns in the
world" by governments that
store personal information in
them.

He added that the information
collected is often distorted and
inaccurate. As an example of
this, he cited his own dossier, in
which he had found himself
described as part of a com-
munist plot because he had
been on a committee that sent
aid to the Loyalists in the
Spanish Civil War.

Ritchie-Calder said that
everyone who has a record in a
computer should have the right
to see a print-out of the infor-
mation and to correct it if it is
wrong.

Another misuse of science
that he warned against is the
use of miniaturization
techniques to develop
sophisticated spying devices,
which endanger personal
privacy.

Ritchie-Calder also talked
about "cultural privacy" and
cautioned against using
modern communications
systems to impose alien
cultures and propaganda on a
people. As an example of such
imposition, he talked of the
cultural domination of Canada
by a country he did not name.

The lord outlined no concrete
methods for preventing the
misuse of science; all he would
say was that moral philosophy
must provide the "ought" to go
with the "is" of science.

This abstract approach was
typical of the entire lecture, as
Ritchie-Calder talked about
science and its misuse in ab-
solute terms. He did not connect
the way science is used with the
type of society it is used in.

He seemed to assume, for in-
stance, that computers would
be used in Orwellian fashion in
any type of society; he did not
distinguish between societies in
which science serves a ruling
class and those in which it ser-
ves the people.

Similarly, he seemed to
believe that all types of
societies would try to use
modern communications
systems to impose their beliefs
on the rest of the world.

In short, the fundamental
question of who is served by
science in different societies
was completely ignored in the
lecture.

Ritchie-Calder will give the
last lecture in the Beatty Series
next Tuesday. The topic then
will be "Science and Posterity"

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Students' Society elections

DECEMBER 1, 1971

**Nominations are hereby called
for the positions of the following
Students' Council Representatives:**

1. Representatives from the following schools and
faculties must be students who have a maximum of
two years remaining at McGill, and must be in good
academic standing with the University.

ARTS & SCIENCE	3 representatives (At least one must be pursuing a B.A. degree, and at least one must be pursuing a B.Sc. degree.)
ENGINEERING	2 representatives
ARCHITECTURE	1 representative
COMMERCE	1 representative
EDUCATION	1 representative
MUSIC	1 representative
NURSING (B. Sc. N.)	1 representative
PHYSICAL & OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY	1 representative

2. Representatives from the following Schools and
Faculties may be in any but their final year, having
spent at least one full academic year at McGill Uni-
versity, and must be in good academic standing with
the University.

DIVINITY	1 representative
DENTISTRY	1 representative
LAW	1 representative
MEDICINE	1 representative

3. A By-Election is being held for 1 representative from
the P.G.S.S.

* All nominations must be signed by 25 students of
the Faculty or School concerned, or by 25% of the
students of the Faculty or School, whichever is less,
and counter-signed by the nominee with his address
and phone number.

** Nominations must contain only those words con-
tained in the revised Electoral By-Laws, (as on page
17 of this year's Student Handbook).

*** All nominations must be submitted to the Secretary-
Treasurer of the Students' Society, Myron Galloway,
by

4:00 p.m., Friday, November 19, 1971.

Jack Cohen,
Chief Returning Officer

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PLAN C	with G.I.B. without G.I.B.	<input type="checkbox"/> \$57.50 <input type="checkbox"/> \$32.50
\$ 10,000 Death \$ 20,000 Accidental Death \$ 175,000 G.I.B. (7 options up to \$25,000 each)		
PLAN D	with G.I.B. without G.I.B.	<input type="checkbox"/> \$45.75 <input type="checkbox"/> \$20.75
\$ 5,000 Death \$ 10,000 Accidental Death \$ 175,000 G.I.B. (7 options up to \$25,000 each)		
PLAN E	without G.I.B.	<input type="checkbox"/> \$10.00
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by danny roden

films...

continued from pg. 2

When the little devils in her charge come round to torment her, she weathers them with desperate self-control.

Schlesinger lays unusually heavy emphasis on machines and gadgetry. In some sequences they help with difficult editing problems (more of Schlesinger's successful experiments), but they run through the film like a sub-plot, and I can't figure why. I'd be interested in hearing from anyone who has some sort of idea other than the trite "advancing technology has dehumanized the world. Do not fold, spindle or mutilate."

If you go to see *Sunday, Bloody Sunday*, please try not to giggle every time Danny and Bob kiss each other. I know it's tough to be mature about what happens up on the screen, but if you giggle you will disturb the people in the audience who are enjoying the film.

"The medical student has to 'take a history of the illness' — I made the mistake of chatting with her, learning about her little boy and her little girl, what she was knitting and so on.

"She came into our surgical ward on a Sunday. A mark was placed on her abdomen to show where the lower border of her liver was, because it was enlarged.

"On Monday, her liver had grown further down. Even cancer can't grow at that rate. She was evidently suffering from something very unusual.

"Her liver continued to grow every day. By Thursday, it was clear that she was going to die. She did not know this — and no one dreamt of telling her.

"We've decided you don't need an operation.

"When will I be going home then?"

"Well perhaps in a little while, but we still have to keep you here under observation."

"But will I be getting any treatment?"

"Don't worry, Mrs. Campbell, leave it to us. We still have some investigations to do yet."

"She probably had a hemorrhage going on inside her liver. But why? Secondary growths from a cancer somewhere? . . .

"On Friday morning, the students met with one of the young surgeons and her case was discussed. No one had seen such a case — we could find out at the post-mortem, of course, but it would be nice if we could hit the diagnosis beforehand.

"Someone suggested a small tumor in her retina. Her eyes had been looked into — but these tumors are sometimes very small indeed, easy to miss — when she had been first examined, this wasn't being looked for specifically — perhaps — it was a long shot. It was almost lunchtime — at lunchtime over five hundred students ran from their classes all over the university buildings to the students' Refectory — where there was seating for two hundred . . .

"But we just had time to dash up to look into her eyes . . .

"When we got to her, the nurses were already laying her out, tying up her ankles.

"Fuck it, she's dead! Still quickly, before the cornea clouds over. We looked into the depths of her dead eyes . . . nothing to see.

"Fuck her, we've missed our fucking lunch."

—R. D. Laing

The Bird of Paradise

Last week, The New York Times magazine carried an article which went into a long song-and-dance about a "new" medical specialty called "thanatology", which has "sprung up to deal with the broader implications of death in our culture . . ."

The piece itself was harmless enough. It did make the point that doctors dislike dealing with death (eg — putting off questions from dying patients), and it talked about the efforts of two Chicago "thanatologists" to sensitize nurses, doctors, chaplains, etc., to their own feelings about death through discussions with terminally-ill patients.

But it didn't talk about why doctors don't deal with death "properly", and why it is that semi-evangelical types have to set themselves up as "thanatologists" to try to "deal with" what are essentially the gut reactions of people faced with death every day.

Laing describes the common way medical students are taught to approach death — no guidelines, no nothing.

It starts on the first day of medical school, with the peptalk from the dean on your anatomy cadavers. "Just try to imagine that they are machines which have stopped working."

Anatomy is easy enough to take. Then come the patient presentations. "Little Johnny has disease X, which is going to kill him within five years. Walk up the stairs and show us how you can't walk, Johnny."

You have to develop that attitude that it isn't going to faze you, that you're going to laugh at the whole thing.

All very well and good for the doctor, but the patient, even the non-dying patient, ends up on the receiving end of this cynicism that has to start early in medical school.

The doctors don't particularly want to hear about Mrs. Campbell's children or her knitting. As long as her eyes are OK, and her liver isn't too big, she's fine. If she's "sick in her head" send her to a shrink, "real" doctors don't have time to deal with stuff like that.

Of course, doctors are as nice as they can be to terminally ill patients — make them as comfortable as possible, dope them up as much as necessary.

But the cynicism, the treatment of "patient as machine", the attitude which so many patients perceive, is due in part at least to a defense against doctors' own reactions to their work.

Better training in medical schools, perhaps analysis or an equivalent, more treatment of the "patient as person", perhaps even different criteria for currently-limited admissions might be a help in getting over these attitudes.

"Thanatology", just another new specialty, can have little effect in correcting this problem.





daily photo by harold rosenberg

Why don't we do it on the road!

by ron abrahams
and hurd stein

The McGill hockey Redmen resume their 1971-1972 schedule this weekend. This evening they journey to Sherbrooke to face the QUAA's leading hockey team. Saturday afternoon they will be in Lennoxville to play the Bishop's Galtors.

In McGill's only game thus far this season, they were handled easily by Sir George. Coach Dave Dies, however, has had 9

days to work with his team. Against the Georgians the Redmen were sloppy, due quite possibly to lack of practice. Hopefully by now this has been corrected and the club will play as a cohesive unit.

Coach Dies has been forced to perform a massive job. Being allowed only a short period of time and directed to fill many capacities besides mentor, he has worked long and diligently to produce a respectable representative team of our University. He has some good hockey players on defense and at goaltender, and if the forwards can produce we should win our share of hockey games.

Fan support should bolster the team also. Although both the

weekend games are away, far away, the Redmen will be coming home next Wednesday. When they do a modest welcoming committee of several thousand would surely be appreciated.

Nine days ago a win was predicted for the Redmen but this was not the case. Although predictions are only for Gypsies we will try our hand at it again. Tonight in Sherbrooke McGill should up its record to 0-2. On Saturday the tide will turn and McGill will get its initial victory of the year against Bishop's. It would be quite nice for the coach and all the players to return to the Winter Stadium on Wednesday riding the crest of a one-game winning streak.



daily photo by harold rosenberg

THE REDMEN HIT THE ROAD for two games this weekend. This evening they face off against Sherbrooke, only to travel back to the east to meet Bishop's tomorrow.

by gerry sparrow

Women hope to curdle Queen's

For once, McGill's Wide World of Sports is giving the women top billing as they shape up for this weekend's triple-header.

The supersquaws have three chances to put feathers in their cap this Saturday at the mercy

of Queen's University. In place of football, Queen's has dispatched women's hockey, fencing and aquatics delegations to resurrect age-old rivalries. At 10 am, the intercollegiate volleyball team will host a QUAA tournament at Currie gym-

nasium. The competition involves eight schools and almost as many hours of serves and spikes.

Unfortunately, the predominantly rookie team allowed last weekend's meet at Loyola to slip through their fingers; however, they will be back on the ball this weekend despite the handicaps of one broken finger and one disease-stricken player.

Meanwhile, a newly emerged group of water wonders is hosting an invitational swim meet at the RVC Weston Pool at 11 am. McGill's team is again coached by Gerry DuBrule and headed by intercollegiate national's swimmer Carol McCloud.

"The girls are enthused but it's hard to get fired up when you're only in invitational meets," said instructor Josephine Fiske. The swim team was almost submerged in the flood of McGill financial difficulties which forced it to abstain from Ontario league competition. However, the recent intramural swim meet revived old spirit and new swimmers.

In other McGill-Queen's confrontations, the pink pucksters will be out for blood at 11 am at Winter Stadium. Rumor has it that the fencing tournament will

begin with a "weapon check" in the gym at 10:30. The curious, the sadistic and the deranged are all invited to attend this unheralded event.

All it takes fans is a little energy, enthusiasm and alcohol to revive the latent spirit of a drunk McGill-Queen's weekend. All publicized events should be worth the price of a Saturday morning arisal. And for a home-grown sports spectacular, the supersquaws are the only act in town.

Perfunctory praises: To RVC, Science and Panhell who wrapped up last week's intramural swim meet . . . especially to Deedee Cornell, RVC's water whiz . . . to Education and P&OT for staying on top of intramural basketball . . . and to P&OT for initially getting on top of Education . . . to the intercollegiate hockey team for putting up with the unintended score reversal in the *Daily* after BEATING the old girls last Wednesday . . . sorry girls.

Winner of the WAA design - a mascot contest is Audrey Fillion, BSc E2 - please claim your prize at the WAA office. Thanks from the WAA to the many talented entrants.





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